

THE TOKEN HUNTER

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DEDICATED TO THE COLLECTING, RECORDING, AND PRESERVING
OF UTAH'S HISTORICAL MEDALS, TOKENS, COINS, AND BOTTLES

OFFICERS	NEXT MEETING	PROGRAM
PRES.: Bill Turpela VICE PRES.: Bruce Dugger ————— 261-1678 TREAS/SEC: Jolene Henderson. ——— 967-2975 EDITOR: Kevin Anderson ————— 943-5425 WAGONMASTERS: Jim Jeffries ————— 972-8284 Karen Secor ————— Tim Rose ————— 969-5904 Diane Nicowinter ————— MEDALS CHAIRMAN: Bill Brown ——— 942-4365	Thursday, June 26, 1997 Don't Forget That The Meeting Is At The Redwood Road Center	BENTSON MOSS SPEAKING ON HIS RECENT METAL DETECTING TRIP TO ENGLAND

****PRIZES ***** PRIZES ***** PRIZES ***** PRIZES ***** PRIZES ****



WAGON MASTER'S REPORT

By Diane Nicewinter

We had 71 items entered in the FOM for May, and there were some very nice finds. I'm glad a lot of you members are so in to it, because if it was up to members like me, we wouldn't get to see all of those wonderful finds. Thanks to all you go-getters.

We made a mistake at our last meeting when we announced that the first-place winner in the non-metal category was a marble. The actual winner is Eric Hubbard with the entry of a ceramic dog. Sorry Leonardo – our apologies Eric. I have corrected the point totals.

FIRST PLACE WINNERS FOR MAY

Oldest U.S. Cent	Dave Kyte	1859 Indian Cent
Oldest U.S. Coin	Leonardo Vera	1850 Seated Liberty Dime
Most Valuable U.S. Coin	Bruce Dugger	1909-S Indian Head
U.S. Coin	Chris Benson	1943-S Walking Liberty
Foreign Coin	Leonardo Vera	1837 English Farthing
Foreign Coin	Chris Benson	1912 Chinese
Token	Don Bake	Butte Saloon, Brigham Utah
Jewelry	Jeral Smith	Lady's Ring
Artifact	Cliff Fausett	Watch FOB
Button	Dave Kyte	Ladies Button
Non-Metal	Eric Hubbard	Ceramic Dog
People's Choice Bottle	Eric Hubbard	Salt Shaker
Most Valuable Bottle	No Entries	

FIND OF THE MONTH POINT STANDINGS

Jeral Smith	101
Chris Benson	83
Leonardo Vera	79
Eric Hubbard	71
Cliff Fausett	67
Jeff Cornelison	63
Don Bake	44
Dave Kyte	31
Bruce Dugger	20
Mike Russell	10
Bill Brown	9
Karen Secor	6
Jerry Couch	4
Doyle McClain	4
Ralph Gold	2
Robert Winkle	2
Jason Cornelison	1

Lydia L. Page Marcroft wrote this essay on May 12, 1932, for a contest sponsored by Auerbachs. The contest was called "Memories of Stage-Coach and Horse Days." Mrs. Marcroft won a \$10.00 gift certificate from Auerbachs. Special thanks to Tim Zuver for providing the *Token Hunter* with this article.

Auerbach Company
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sirs:

I was born in Salt Lake City, February 15, 1856, my parents having come to Salt Lake in 1852. It was the winter following the grasshopper plague. When I was born, there was not fifty pounds of flour in Salt Lake City. I was born late at night. A meal was prepared after, and the smell of food awakened my little sister who was just five years old, and in her delight at having something to eat, she exclaimed: "Oh, I wish mother would have a baby every night so I can have some supper!"

I have always lived in Salt Lake. I have never been out of the State, and I have only been in six of her counties. I am writing what I remember of the Salt Lake business center.

Where the State Capitol now stands, we called it "Arsenal Hill" on account of the arsenal containing the gunpowder and all kinds of ammunition stood there. I have run around it many times. The tithing office and yards where the Hotel Utah stands and Brigham Young's home just east along South Temple Street, or "Brigham Street" as we called it, were well known to me. The Temple Block was the center of interest. I have walked around the foundation of the Temple and waded in City Creek, just north of the Temple Block. I well remember the old Tabernacle situated in the southwest corner of the block. Its length ran north and south, and it was in a dug-out shape having a mud roof. To enter, you had to go down through one of four openings, ten or twelve steps. The openings were in the east side. The podium was on the north end and the pipe organ at the south end.

In the summer time, there was always a bowery built to the east of the old Tabernacle to accommodate the people in meetings and celebrations of the Fourth and Twenty-Fourth of July. I remember the present Tabernacle being built. The first funeral held there was that of Heber C. Kimball. I have seen the ox teams come in to the Temple Grounds with a blocks of granite after hauling it all the way from the quarry in Big Cottonwood Canyon, taking many days to complete the trip. Later, the railroad brought the granite blocks down on flat cars to the depot, then by ox team to the Temple Grounds. The Council House where President Brigham Young and the Authorities met, was on the corner where the Deseret News now stands.

Coming south on Main Street was the C. R. Savage and Ottinger Photograph Gallery and Colbrooks's Millinery Store, then the old Constitution Building, Kingkaid's Merchandise Store. Sugar was one dollar per pound and unbleached factory was one dollar per yard. Lawrence Dry Goods Store was on the corner where the McCornick Building now stands. All down First South, right in the middle of the street from Main Street to about West Temple, was a building. I do not know who owned it, but it was occupied by butchers. Some of the butchers names were Hailstone, Hepworth, May and Woods. The stock was slaughtered, dressed and sold there. It was always called "Market," and that is where Market Street gets its name today.

Going south on Main Street on the clock corner was Tom Jennings's dry goods store called "The Emporium." Then came Allen's Tin Shop and Edward Hart's Photograph Gallery. Walker's Store moved to the corner of Second South and Main, and Walker Bank was upstairs. Auerbach's was just

about in the center of the block; it was a small store. Along one side was the dress goods and yard material. There was nothing ready to wear in those days.

Then south was a Dollar Store, and between Second and Third South a livery stable stood, run by Mark McKinnon where the Keith Emporium Building now stands. Later, "The Walker House," one of Salt Lake's leading hotels, was built. There was a porch across the front, and the gentleman guests used to sit there and smoke. It was there that I smelled my first cigar smoke. Then came McDonald's Store, I remember John McDonald, Sr. selling candy from a tray suspended from his shoulders. That was the start of the McDonald Candy Company.

John Winder's residence was on the corner where the Clift Building now stands. Later, the Clift House was built as a family hotel. I think the last trees in the business district were on the East and South of the Clift House. They had a number of Poll Parrots in the trees, and people would pause and talk to them.

I went to school on West Temple between First and Second South just where the Utah Power and Light Company building stands. It was a private school taught by J.C. Brown and wife.

The Townsend House, a hotel, was on the southwest corner of West Temple and First South, and the Valley House was one block north on the corner where the Bamberger Depot now stands. Many times I have seen a herd of cows go up Main Street.

Now for the east-side of Main Street. Brigham Young's private family school was where the Bransford Apartments now stand. Coming south from South Temple on Main Street, were the homes of Daniel H. Wells, Jerediah Grant and Eldredge Store where the Hooper Building now stands, and Edward Hunter's home came next down to First South. I well remember their fine orchards along Main Street.

Crossing First South was the Godbe Drug Store and just east of the corner was Godbe and Mitchell Dry Goods Store and Henry Rieser, the watchmaker, next door. In the center of the block, where the Tribune now is, was the Salt Lake House which was Salt Lake's first hotel. Then came Walker's first store and Grinnig's Bakery and the Old Elephant Tea Store on the corner where the Walker Bank now stands.

Between Second and Third South were all residences. Later, the Goosbeck Building was built and was the home of the first Post Office. Salt Lake's first saloon, as I remember, was next, and owned by John Edding.

I remember the Social Hall as the center of social gatherings and dances. The Salt Lake Theatre was fairyland to me. The first ice cream parlor was a half block south of the Salt Lake Theatre on State Street. It was called Clawson's Ice Cream Parlor, and we would walk miles to go there.

All south on State Street was a residence district, even to the days when the Knutsford Hotel was built. The Eighth Ward Square, where the City and County Building stands, was a place where the emigrants came and camped, also travelers of Covered Wagon Days. We used to take native currants and garden truck and sell or trade for clothes. It was also a ballpark and later a stray pound. It was also where the circus set up when it came to town.

The Tenth Ward Square, where the streetcar barn is, was the first fair ground. I remember when we had to walk everywhere. The first streetcar, a mule car, ran from First South and Main to Tenth East and Fifth South. My husband and our three children used to walk two miles to ride that streetcar. Later, the car line was extended south on Main to Fifth South and West to Second West. Just west of Second West was a turntable where the mule car was turned around. Children found it a pleasant sport to ride around on. The mule car barn was on the east side of Second East between South Temple and First South. It was later used as the electric car barn. The first curfew was blown at the mule car barns, but it

interfered with the love scenes at the Salt Lake Theatre. People were unable to hear the plays, so the curfew was declared a nuisance and stopped.

The old City Hall with its bell and the old volunteer firemen are old memories. The first alarm was a bell ringing or a whistle blowing. Firemen ran from their work to headquarters and pulled the engine by ropes to the scene of the fire. The firemen received no pay, but they were fined one dollar if they failed to hear the signal.

In early days, when a child was lost, men would ride along the streets ringing the bell and calling "lost child."

I have seen the stagecoaches, with their double-span of horses, drive through the streets on their way to and from California.

I had two brothers who were young men when my parents came to Salt Lake in 1852. They used to go freighting to Salt Lake, some of their trips taking three and four months. On one of their trips, they brought my Mother's first cook stove -- "The Rattler." Soon after, we bought an oil lamp and coal oil was one dollar a pint. Many a load of freight my brothers have brought for Walker's and Auerbach's stores, and their arrival in Salt Lake was always hailed with delight.

I have watched Salt Lake grow, and was sorry when Walker's Store was discontinued. I have traded with Auerbach's all along the line, and they have kept pace with the city's growth. Many members of our family have worked for them.

I could still continue with my early day memories on the street improvements, first shoe factories, tannery, flour mills, street lighting, and that reminds me, I must mention the first store window decorations which we called "Window Illuminations." There were no streetlights, but the stores used white candles, setting them in all kinds of designs in the window and lighting them. We would walk miles to the business district to go from window to window to admire them.

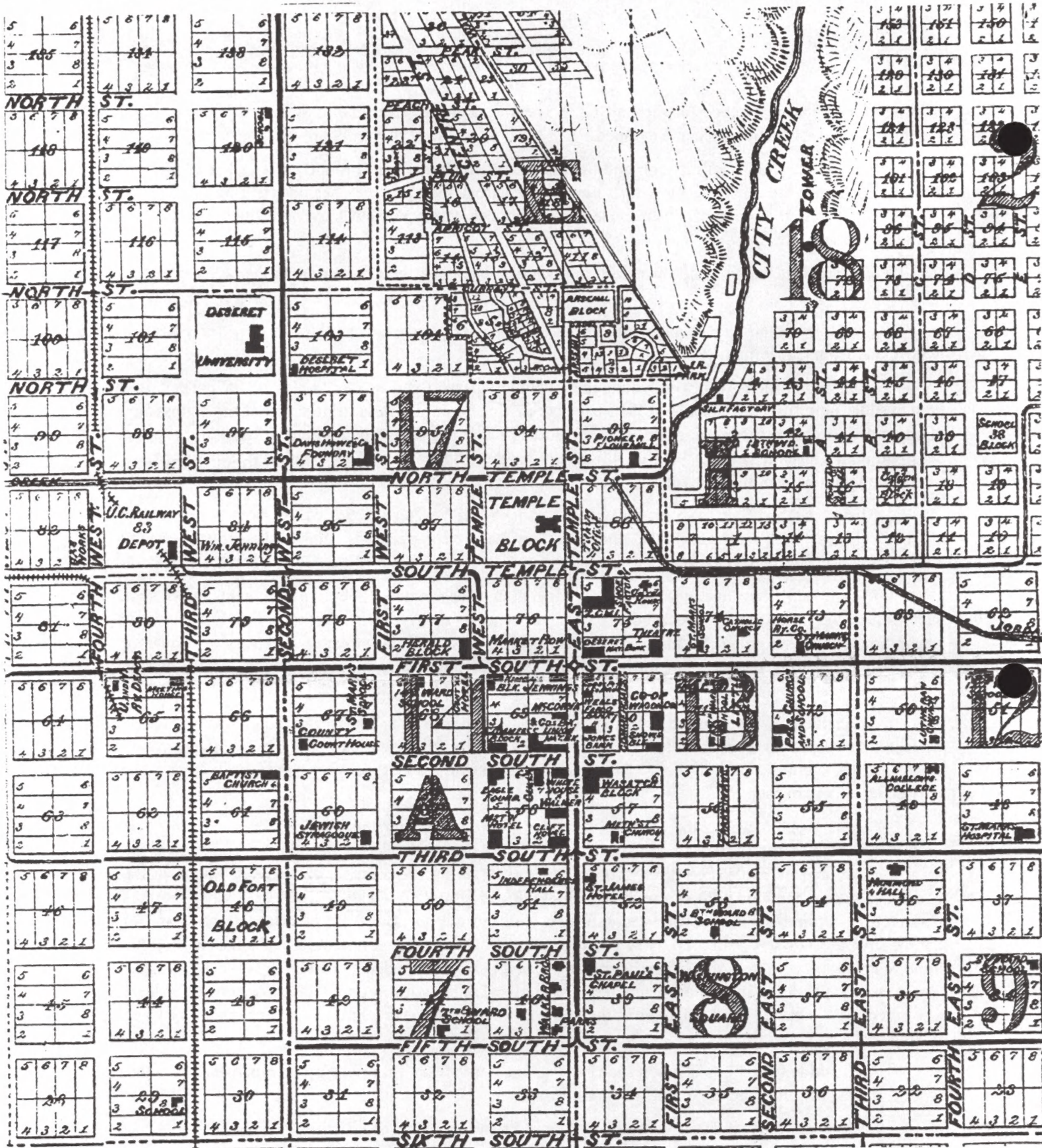
An incident of pioneer life my parents told many times is as follows. My father was a tailor by trade, but there was no work for his trade in pioneer days. My father and two brothers, who were young men, had their clothes wear out. Father had a piece of buckskin, so he made a pair of trousers to be worn between the three of them.

People would go into the canyons for their wood and to get their winter supply. My eldest brother was sent to the canyon for a load of wood. He wore the buckskin breeches. While there, the wagon broke, and he had to return on foot to Salt Lake leaving the ox team and broken wagon in the canyon. A storm came up and oh how it rained! Well, you know how buckskin stretches when wet, the trouser legs became so long it was impossible to walk no matter how high he lifted his foot, and of course it would not stay rolled up. My brother stood it just as long as he could, and then he took his hunting knife and cut them off. When he got home, and they became dry, they were up above the knees. Consternation prevailed in the home. Father said, "now what are we going to do?" "We none of us have any breeches." It made many laugh when the tale was told in after years, but it was a real calamity when it happened.

As I said before, I could go on indefinitely, but I am weary from writing so much. Trusting this will be at least of some interest to you, I remain

Your Friend,
LIDIA L. PAGE MARCROFT (age 76)
328 East 8th South St.
Salt Lake City, Utah

(Mrs. Marcroft passed away in October 1941 at the age of 85)



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH CIRCA 1888

Many of the landmarks and buildings mentioned by Mrs. Marcroft
can be located on this map. Mrs. Marcroft would have been 32 in 1888.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Bill Turpela

Well, its been a busy and sad month. I hope I don't have another May 1997 again.

Thanks to Louise Brown for being our speaker last month. I know I missed a good meeting. We have another good speaker for June. Benson Moss, who is one of our club members, went to England last month on a metal detecting trip. He will be showing



us some of the finds he and his group found across the Atlantic.

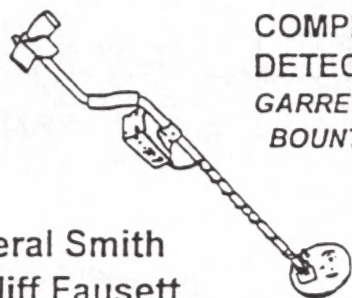
We have our big club coin and token show coming during the last weekend of June. I'm sure we still need some help at the hospitality table, and taking down on Sunday. If you have a few hours, we could sure use your help.

See you at the meeting.

LOOKING FOR YOUR COPY OF *CACHING IN ON TOKENS*?

A few months ago, Gary Weicks spoke at our Club meeting and sold some copies of his book "Caching In On Tokens." If you purchased a copy, but left it at the meeting, Bruce Duggar has your missing copy. Pick it up from him at the next meeting or give him a call.

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